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THE TROLLEY CAR AND THE LADY

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WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

A Corner of the Green at New Haven

THE TROLLEY CAR AND THE LADY

A Trolley Trip from Manhattan to Maine

WILLIAM J. LAMPTON

With photographs by the author

BOSTON
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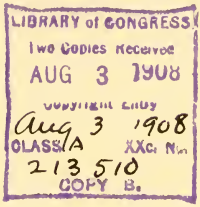

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MERELY A SUGGESTION

If the reader of this short tale has never ridden by trolley from Manhattan to Maine he should take half a dozen days off some time during the Summer months and do so. It will prove a revelation and a revel to him from start to finish. It is travel through the history and beauty of New England side by side with the descendants of those who made its history, and are still maintaining its beauty. Untroubled, as was the hero of this little story, he may turn his mind to the contemplation of the scenes spread about him everywhere and enjoy his environments as he could not in any other way. He may tire a little, but rest is easy and inexpensive and sleep is sweet. Truly the trolley is a triumph of travel which transports the traveller.

W. J. L.

Inclined Railway, Mt. Tom

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

A Corner of the Green at New Haven, Frontispiece

PAGE

Inclined Railway, Mt. Tom 8
A New Rochelle Avenue 11
Where Little Yachts at Larchmont, loaf 13
By the Shore of the Sound 15
A Connecticut Venice (Westport) 17
Waiting for a Car at Bridgeport, Conn. . . 19
West Rock, New Haven, from the Trolley . 21
An Old-Time New England Church 23
The Car that was Emptied at Cheshire 25
The State Capitol at Hartford, Conn. 29
Tobacco Fields and Barns in the Connecticut Valley 31
Along the River Ware 33
Among the Hills of Ware 35
Savings Bank, Leicester 36
Hard Farming in Massachusetts 39
Colonial House in Leicester 41
Congregational Church, Leicester, Mass. . . 42
City Hall Park, Worcester 45
The Bridge at Concord 49
Where the Trolley takes to the Woods 51
Down the Merrimac, from Lowell, Mass. . . 53
A Passing Glimpse of Paradise 55

LIST OF ILLUSTRATIONS

A Yankee House of Other Days 57
A New Hampshire Farmhouse and Grove . 59
Boar's Head Promontory 61
Looking into Maine from Portsmouth, N. H. 65
Stranded. Near Kittery, Maine 67
Old House, Kittery, Me. Built 1798 69
A Maine Blacksmith Shop in the Shade of the Church 72
Old Fort and Citadel at Kittery, Me. 75
A Maine Well by the Trolley Track, Kittery, Me. 79
A Little Maine Cottage 83

A New Rochelle Avenue

THE TROLLEY CAR AND THE LADY

The Start
New York

I HAD returned that day to New York after an absence of three years on the other side and had been carried off bodily to the house of Mr. and Mrs. Winston.

When Mrs. Winston had kissed me a dozen or more times — I seldom keep exact count of such feminine trifles — she turned upon me reproachfully.

"Why, oh, why, did you ever come home to-day?" she cried in a wail of despair.

"Did n't you want to see me?" I replied a bit resentfully. She kissed me again. I may explain that Mrs. Winston is my sister.

"Yes, yes, Ned dear, but why did n't you come yesterday, or the day before, or any day sooner than this one?"

"What's the matter with to-day?" I insisted upon knowing. "Any day is good enough that brings me back to New York, is n't it? I'm here three months sooner than I expected to be, and glad of it."

"Yes, yes, I know," she kept on semi-hysterically, "but this very morning at eight o'clock, Clara left with a party of friends on a trolley trip to Maine. There were Mr. and Mrs. Loring and Mr. and Mrs. Gray, and Jack Dean was going as escort for Clara, but at the last moment he was detained. He hopes to join them later."

"Oh, does he?" I snapped in, grasping the situation promptly, for this same Clara was a charming young woman whose praises my sister had been singing to me by mail for a year. I hold in high esteem one woman's good opinion of another, even

Where Little Yachts at Larchmont loaf

though it be prejudiced, and I had begun to dream dreams of the unseen Clara. Being an unpledged bachelor these dreams were perfectly allowable, because even if they came true the only person, who had a right to complain, was the object of them. "Oh, does he? Well, we'll see about that. I don't know who he is or what his purpose is, and of course, I can't stop his going, but I can be there to see that my interests are not neglected."

"But how?" asked Mrs. Winston, brightening at once and encouraging me.

"I'll go after them, that's how. I know

something about the route and I'll follow."

"But they have a whole day's start of you and you can't trolley by night. Trolleys don't run all night."

"And I don't chase trolleys on trolleys. I'll take a steam train and jump into New Haven at once. This is not pleasure; it's business."

Mrs. Winston clapped her hands joyously.

"How bright you are, Ned," she commended. "I never thought of the steam cars."

"You never thought of Clara as I do, either," I explained.

She looked at me earnestly. "Really, Ned?" she questioned.

"Sure, Sis," I replied. "I don't know what she'll be like when I meet her face to face — heart to heart, I may say — but I'm heels over head in love with the ideal I have constructed out of the material you have furnished."

Mrs. Winston kissed me with a rapturous impulse.

"Oh, Ned," she exclaimed, "I am so glad."

There was apparently no substantial rea-

By the Shore of the Sound

son why she should be so glad, but women have sorrow enough in this vale of tears, and when they are glad it is no more than charity not to ask for reasons.

"When will you start?" she added after a moment's further contemplation of me, as if I had a perspective which suggested dreamy distance.

"Tell me what you know of their plans of travel and I'll tell you my plans of action."

"Let me see," she began very carefully in order to be sure in a matter of such importance; "they expected to stop and see some friends at Larchmont and go for a short sail

on the Sound. Then on to Stamford — no, Bridgeport — let me see, which one comes first? Bridgeport or Stamford? Well, whichever it is, they were going to stop there with friends and go on to New Haven next day. That would be to-morrow, would n't it?"

As I did n't see that it could be anything else without a violent wrench to the almanac, I admitted that it would be, and said there was plenty of time for me to leave in the morning and be in New Haven when the party arrived there. What they would do between New York and New Haven did not interest me and I did not agitate Mrs. Winston further by asking her to decide whether Stamford or Bridgeport would be the night's stop-over.

She concluded, after consulting the time tables in several newspapers for verification, that it would not be necessary for me to start at once to reach New Haven by noon next day and accepted my plans as perfect. Her supply of exact information was small because the members of the party did not know themselves what they would do. It was to be a go-as-you-please and stop-as-you-please

A Connecticut Venice (Westport)

affair, and Clara was to write only what they had done. No one could say what was to be done until after the accomplishment. I knew none of the party, and the clews Mrs. Winston gave me were femininely indefinite. I did not bother about that, however, as I thought it would be a simple matter to consult the hotel register at the best hotel in New Haven and send up my card. I had a lot of other things to talk about after my long absence, and I changed the subject. Still at intervals Mrs. Winston would look perspectively at me and say vaguely· "Oh, Ned, I am so glad."

Next morning at eight o'clock, accompanied by a camera, an umbrella and a convenient hand-bag, I started on my little journey to New Haven. I had also a full supply of confidence. I went prepared to become the sixth member of the trolley party to Maine and if Mr. Jack Dean so desired, he might be tagged on as the seventh, at some other point. New Haven for me. Procrastination gathers no girl. The final words of my sister to me at the station were: "Oh, Ned, I am so glad." I asked her if she were glad because I was going away again so soon, but she made no reply other than that long perspective look, and she was very serious for a glad person.

New Haven

There was nothing of interest on the way to New Haven and still less there, for the trolleyers had not arrived. I examined all the hotel registers and interviewed a dozen trolley conductors. Evidently they had stopped for the day somewhere with the intention of coming on to New Haven in the early evening. It would be pleasanter for me to trolley into town with them than to wait for them. But where were they — Stamford or Bridgeport? I had neglected

Waiting for a Car at Bridgeport, Conn.

to get details from Mrs. Winston. I telegraphed her for quick answer. I got it in an hour — "At the Terry Pophams in Bridgeport. Good luck to you." It is only about half an hour's run to Bridgeport and I was there in ample time for a trolley back. The Terry-Pophams informed me that the party had been there about eleven o'clock, having changed their plans and remained over night at Stamford. They had stopped to luncheon and gone on to New Haven immediately.

Bridgeport

Stamford

This was dispiriting, but I knew they were to stop one day at least in New Haven and I would be sure to find them there in the

evening. For change of scene I returned to New Haven by trolley. It was rather lonely, but the salt air from the Sound was exhilarating and I was hopeful, so the trip was not without some recompense. My camera was company in a way, and I had a pocketful of cigars. Even alone on a trolley car is not always the saddest lot imaginable.

New Haven

But they were not discoverable at any hotel in New Haven, and I haunted the corner where the Bridgeport cars stop. It is near the famous Green and the elms are grand there, but they meant nothing to me. Five people — two men and three women, the youngest woman in a blue serge dress with a camera strapped across her shoulder — was what I wanted to see. That was the nearest description my sister could give me. I had an old photograph of a girl in evening dress, but that was no clew to a girl in traveling attire.

"What did the young lady look like?" asked one conductor whom I put on the witness stand. He was a good-looking chap who was not ignorant of his personal pulchritude. From what I know of handsome men, I am pretty sure, if I had the fatal gift

West Rock, New Haven, from the Trolley

of beauty I should ignore it, at least, in public.

"What business is that of yours?" I came back at him snobbily.

"None," he grinned, "but may be yours. A young lady in a gray suit got off my car at six o'clock, and asked where a hotel was. She came from New York, she said."

I begged his pardon, gave him a cigar, asked him a dozen questions and hurried off to the hotel he designated. No Clara was there nor at any other hotel. She would not have been alone in any event, but I had reached the point where I was clutching at straws.

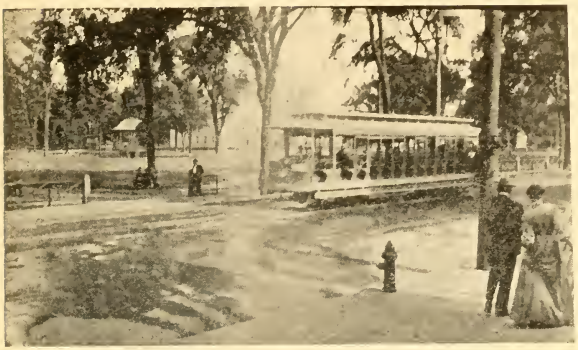
I telegraphed Mrs. Winston for information. The reply came at eleven o'clock and it was not assuringly definite — "Out to dinner. If not at hotel try Allison's or Frazier's." Allison's or Frazier's not being places of public resort, as one might conclude from the sound, I looked up a directory and found four Allisons and three Fraziers who seemed to be possible. I made a note of their addresses and went to bed. There was no other place I could go. Tired nature's sweet restorer did n't do much that night, and I awoke early and uncomfortable. By the time I had visited two Allisons and two Fraziers it was half past nine o'clock. At the third Allisons I found a maid who said the party had come there the night before, but as the Allisons were away, they had gone to the Fraziers in another street. She was kind enough to give me the address, but when I reached the house they had been gone an hour.

New Haven is quite interesting to the visitor, but not so by reason of physical dimensions and I thought my people could be easily picked up at some point or other where strangers congregate. Hopefully,

An Old-Time New England Church

therefore, I set forth on my quest. It was feverish at first; then calmer; next dogged; and, at last, despairing. The City of Elms lost its charms for me by noon. Yale College became an institution for the feeble minded; its campus was a wilderness; the Green was a desert, and I sat on a bench under the great elms like Marius among the ruins of Carthage. The ruins about me were not so tangible as his, but they were none the less real and disagreeable.

At 1 P.M., having visited every place of interest and seen never a one of them, so absorbed was I in matters of greater moment, I determined to go on to Hartford. I felt sorely a need of change. My search had now assumed serious proportions and I went to a book-shop for a Trolley Guide containing the minutest particulars. I felt like calling in a private detective, but refrained. One does n't care to put a detective on the track of his ideal. It is, at least, not a compliment to her. The only ray of sunshine on the whole dolorous landscape was the thought that Mr. Jack Dean would have no better luck than my own. I hoped so at any rate, though the possibility that he had a detailed



The Car that was Emptied at Cheshire

itinerary was a small spider in my otherwise comforting pie — to mix metaphors somewhat.

Uncertain of mind about leaving New Haven, though I had taken my place in the car for Cheshire, I asked the car-starter if he had seen a party of five people going in my direction.

He looked me over curiously and half smiled. "Good looking girl in a blue dress with a snap-shooter over her shoulder?" he inquired.

Something in my manner must have betrayed me, but I did not admit it to him,

though I could feel that I had his sympathy. I merely nodded, and he said he had been such a party, but did not remember how long ago it was. He remembered the party because the young lady had thanked him for answering her questions. Everybody did n't do that, he said.

Cheshire

The ride to Cheshire out of beautiful Main street, broidered with elms and Rock-walled against the distant sky, is a perfect string of pearls even to the mind distraught, and I was simply compelled to enjoy it all the way. I felt comparaively restored at the end of the ride, but my old trouble returned when I learned that the trolley stopped there, and I must go on by train or carriage for four or five miles. I chose the latter to Milldale for diversion's sake, and was glad, because I discovered they had done the same. I stopped along the way to pluck a pretty wild flower, but it was withered and dry when I reached

Hartford

Hartford, though the ride had been through a smiling land. I threw it away because it depressed me, though I am not usually superstitious. Indeed the journey had quite animated me and I started for the nearest hotel register with a Springtime lightness of foot.

My luck was turning. Their names were there. They had registered and lunched at one o'clock.

"What time did they say they would be back?" I asked of the clerk with a confidence that was almost enthusiasm. He had answered previous questions so much to my liking that I had given him a cigar and would have given him a house and lot if he had requested it.

"They are not coming back," he said and my heart dropped so that I could feel it throbbing against my diaphragm. "They are going to Springfield."

"When?" I gasped. It was then after four o'clock.

"They did n't say, but they were going to see the capitol and take a drive through Forest Street before leaving."

Possibly at this very moment they were taking a car for Springfield, and without so much as thanking the polite clerk, I ran away like a demented person. Hartford possesses many objects of interest and beauty for the wayfarer from the world outside, but all it had for me was going out of it on a trolley car, and my chief purpose in life was

to catch that car. I ran regardless of dignity. A block away I saw five people, two men and three women, one of the women in a dark blue dress. They were boarding a car with "Springfield" in large letters across the tail-board. It started and I spurted after it. Vain spurt. Blasted hopes. Blasted car.

Windsor

Enfield

But why harrow the listener with this tale of woe? Nobody on foot, or on the wings of love, can catch a modern long distance trolley car with two hundred yards start and I missed it. My dejection was so apparent when I pulled up puffing at the point from which the car had gone that no one about was heartless enough to laugh at me. I am not naturally of belligerent temper, but I think I would have hit anybody, except an old woman, who had manifested the slightest satisfaction at my disappointment There was half an hour to wait, and I resolved to drown my sorrows in the usual masculine manner. The fatal spot was convenient and presently I was contemplating a good long high-ball. If one high-ball will drown a certain number of sorrows, two should drown twice as many, and I took two. Just

The State Capitol at Hartford, Conn.

how many sorrows remained undrowned when the next Springfield car came along I had no statistics to prove, but the burden of my afflictions rested much more lightly upon me.

Springfield

The ride to Springfield was not so dreary as I had anticipated. The Connecticut valley has every right to its fame for scenic beauty, and I think the tobacco, which spreads out from Hartford in a vast sea of solace, growing green and golden and waving gently in every breeze, had a soothing effect upon my over-wrought nerves.

At Springfield I went, as was my custom now, to the hotel registers. They were dead men, for dead men tell no tales. Blank, all blank. Springfield is not a place of exceeding interest to the stranger under any circumstances, and under mine it was positively distressing in its lack of attractions. But night was falling and there was nothing for me except to be brave and suffer. I telegraphed my sister for possible information. There was a little comfort in expecting something and I expected an answer during the evening. It came next morning, a night message — half rates. Why is a woman so economical at such a moment —and read as follows: "They have no friends in Springfield." I promptly wired back: "Neither have I," and went to breakfast.

I had to talk to somebody, or explode, and I talked to the waiter. I told him with a vague indefiniteness of the difficulties which beset my path.

"I guess they went on to Holyoke," he said.

"Where's Holyoke?" I inquired, plucking up courage once more.

"It's where they go to get up on Mt. Tom.

Tobacco Field and Barns in the Connecticut Valley

Trolleyers that come here always go to Mt. Tom if they know their business. It's a fine view from there and there's picnic grounds and a park for the people all around here. I've been there many a time."

"How far is it?"

"About fifteen miles or so. You go to Holyoke and take the Mt. Tom car there."

"Any hotels in Holyoke where people could stop over night?"

"Oh, yes, sir," looking rather surprised at my ignorance. "Holyoke is a big city."

I tipped him fifty cents, about five times the normal tip for the town, I fancy, on a

Holyoke

fifty cent breakfast, anyhow, and caught the first car for Holyoke. I found their names on a register and wanted to throttle myself for not studying my Trolley Guide. But what I wanted to find wasn't in any Trolley Guide and I never thought of dry details. The hotel clerk told me they were going to look at the great Holyoke Dam — I had a supply of greater ones that I had been drawing on ever since I had reached New Haven the second time — and from there to the mountain. I had no use for the Holyoke brand of dam and went straight for the summit of Mt. Tom. It was nearly eleven o'clock when I reached there, after a pleasant suburban ride and an ascent by inclined railway which is a novelty to persons accustomed to railways on the level. As a mountain, Tom is scarcely of the Himalaya class, but for those living where mental elevation, rather than physical, is of the first importance, it answers quite well, and its summit affords a panorama worth going to see. But I was not looking for panoramic effects.

Mt. Tom

On the top floor of the Casino, a white structure one sees for miles before coming to it from any direction in the valley, I found

Along the River Ware

a party of five people — two men and three women, one woman younger than the others and her dress was not blue. She had a camera, but her gown was a dark green. She did n't look exactly like the girl in blue I had seen so fleetingly at Hartford, but she was pretty, and I felt drawn to her by some mysterious spell. At least, I thought I did, but I was scarcely responsible. Girls have more than one dress and Clara had money enough to have a dark green traveling dress if she wanted one. Whether the wearing of a blue dress one day and a green one another would strain the relations between

complexion and becoming colors was not considered. I had something else to think about.

I must see who composed the party. I suppose I might have approached the men first. Possibly that would have been the correct method, but I was romantic rather than rigorous of rule. I wanted to surprise Clara who thought, if she thought of me at all, that I was three thousand miles away. Moving about to get the full sweep of the magnificent prospect spread out on all sides, she came presently to a telescope in one corner. She had some difficulty in adjusting it and I chose that as the psychologic moment. I offered my services which were gracefully accepted, and having fixed the focus to her eyes — they were beautifully brown, and I did not recall just then whether Clara's eyes were brown or blue — I essayed to speak on other matters than telescopic.

"I beg your pardon," I said restraining my impetuosity, "are you Miss Willis?"

"Why, yes," she replied, startled out of the conventionalities, "how did you know?"

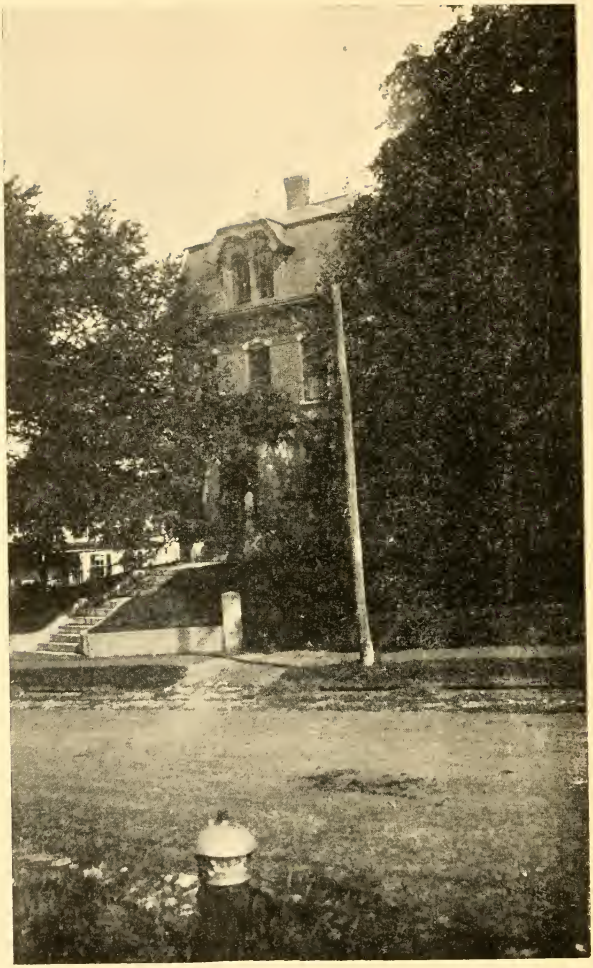
"Thank Heaven," I exclaimed, ignoring her inquiry, and extending my hand which

Among the Hills of Ware

she took as any lady would have done in a similar situation. "Thank Heaven, I have found you at last. I am Ned Wells of New York; Mrs. Winston's brother, you know, just back from Europe, unexpectedly. She told me you had gone off on this trolley trip and I set out after you at once. I've had the —"

She let go of my hand, which I had neglected to do with hers during this outburst of pent-up feeling, and looked around to see if her friends were near.

"I am Miss Willis," she said, smiling because she could n't help seeing my sin-



Savings Bank, Leicester

cerity, "but I don't know any Mrs. Winston of New York, and I have only trolleyed up from Springfield with friends I am visiting there. I —"

"Are n't you Miss Clara Willis?" I choked.

"No, I'm Miss Louise Willis and I live in Boston. I am very sorry."

Whether she was sorry she lived in Boston, or was sorry for me, I did not differentiate. I was too grateful for an expression of any sort of sympathy to be hypercritical and what I might have said I do not know, but I was interrupted by a young man who rushed up almost menacingly, I thought.

She was laughing now, and very quickly told him my story and introduced me. The others joined us, and while my disappointment was keen, it was dulled somewhat by the acquaintance of these charming people, notwithstanding this unlooked-for Miss Willis was to marry the young man who had so unceremoniously broken in upon the expression of my gratitude. But I could not wait at Mt. Tom. My people had been there and gone. They had left, a Casino attendant told me, half an hour before my

arrival. I must have passed them coming down the incline as I went up. So near and yet so far.

Springfield

I hurried back to Springfield. They had lunched there and were going on at once, the clerk at the hotel told me. I asked the man who had waited on me at breakfast if he had seen them. He said he had n't noticed. One word to them from him and all would have been well. I wanted to knock him down and take that fifty cent tip away from him. But such action would have added to the complications already existing, and I withheld the hand of justice.

"Where would they probably stop for the night?" I inquired of the clerk much as if I were asking a sailor-man where in the broad Atlantic I might pick up a minnow.

"Well," he replied, in the calculating way of a born Yankee, "Worcester is a good place, but as they are just moving along for pleasure, they might get off most anywhere when night came. Leicester, six miles this side of Worcester, is the best stopping-place I know of."

My mind had been at such a tension that I had forgotten my sister had told me Mr.

Hard Farming in Massachusetts

and Mrs. Loring lived at Leicester, and the others would stop with them for a day or two, possibly, and only three constitute the party through to Maine. This was more cheering than no news at all, and I went forth again, alone. I did n't like the company I was in, but it was not my fault. Heaven knows I was trying to get other companionship.

Palmer

Taking a high-ball and a car marked "Palmer" at very nearly the same point, I went out of Springfield, City of Dismal Defeat, along the old Boston Road and came betimes to Palmer. The chief attractions

here are Forest Lake and Park, but they are not attractive to trolleyers of my kind, because they fill the cars with short riders who are not as considerate of the comfort of through passengers as they might be.

A large fat girl who had squeezed in beside me, and half of whose weight I carried for two or three miles, apologized.

"Don't mention it," I said, assuming a cheerful manner. "I have other troubles and this takes my mind off of them. It 's a pleasure, and you may sit in my lap if you want to."

She shrieked with laughter as though it were a great joke. If it were, most of the joke was on me.

Ware

Portions of the country along this route were quite in consonance with the barrenness of my search, and nearly as dismal to look at as I felt, but by the river Ware and among its hills, delightful vistas opened and there were wide expanses of view whose beauty compelled forgetfulness of earthly cares. These were of the earth, and surely man, who owned the earth, must find some joy in them. I did, but not as I should have done with some congenial, responsive spirit

Colonial House in Leicester

to have shared them with me. Ware, Wickaboag and West Brookfield slipped by me; Spencer, City of Shoes and Hills, and then Leicester and — and — Clara. At last.

Wickaboag

West Brookfield

Spencer

I took my traps to the hotel, and had a high-ball, a bath and dinner, each fulfilling its mission admirably. I was feeling better. It was now eight o'clock, and lighting a cigar, I strolled serenely through the tranquil streets of the restful old town. After a voyage of stress and struggle I had reached a happy haven. My cigar was a beacon of peace glowing before me. Sure of finding the objects of my search on the Loring

Leicester

Congregational Church, Leicester, Mass.

piazza in the fading Massachusetts twilight, I smoked my cigar out and turned thither. But I was chilled at the gate. There was the piazza, but it was tenantless, and only a faint light showed over the old fashioned transom of the front door. I went into the shadow that had fallen upon me and lifted the heavy brass knocker. It fell with a sound that echoed through the lonely hall, disturbing ghosts and cobwebs of by-gone years. It was very hollow and forbidding. I half expected a disembodied spirit to meet me. But a maid of flesh and blood appeared, and in response to my eager inquiry she informed me that the party had been there, but had gone on, the Lorings having changed their minds — there were three women to two men in the party — and concluded to continue the trip.

"But where have they gone?" I fairly yelled at her.

"I don't know, sir?" she replied, shrinking apprehensively behind the door which she held open. "They said they were trolleying and were going to Boston, but trolleyers never knew what might happen to their plans and they said they did n't care, sir."

"What time were they here?" I asked with a mental condemnation of such recklessness.

"About three o'clock."

It was now eight and I was five hours away from them to only half an hour at Mt. Tom. It was maddening. At this rate the separation was likely to become permanent.

"Could they get to Boston to-night?" I asked.

"Yes, sir, if they took the Express from Worcester. But I don't think they will do that, sir," she began explaining as her wits gathered after my first routing of them. "They said something about going to Concord."

"What's Concord?" I asked without due consideration, because I really had heard of Concord, Massachusetts, when I was at school, or some place.

"Oh, don't you know Concord, sir?" she cried.

"No, I don't. All I know on this confounded trip is discord," I said, disturbed beyond control, and she looked at me in such complete noncomprehension of my condition that I turned my back on her and

City Hall Park, Worcester

departed in the sulks. There is a limit to human endurance.

As I had strolled towards the Lorings' through the gloaming, my cigar had tasted good and Leicester was a dream. Now walking back to the hotel, the dream had degenerated into a nightmare. I lit a fresh cigar. Bah. It was vile. Simply a bunch of Massachusetts cabbage in a Connecticut wrapper. I recalled those vast tobacco fields about Hartford with horror at the thought of what millions of unfortunate smokers must suffer. I threw the cigar down and crushed it under my foot. I did

not want any boy in Leicester to find so large a stub.

Departure that night was useless. I was so near Worcester that an early morning car would get me there and on to Concord quite as soon if I remained where I was, so I remained. Before going to bed I telegraphed my sister: "All is lost save trolley fare." Which I thought rather a neat way of expressing my determination to keep at it.

I awoke next morning as from a night of Welsh rabbit revelry and went to breakfast without appetite. Breakfast was merely a morning custom and I went to it from force of habit. But it was a good breakfast and trolleying gives one an appetite despite depressing emotional conditions. My cigar tasted differently, too, in the air of a new morning. If the Worcester car had not come along just when it did, I think I should have gone around and apologized to the Lorings' maid.

Worcester

The ride to Worcester through pretty scenes of hill and dale waking to the clear, cool air of the dawn, was encouraging, and I reached the Public Square in the city, quite a changed being. I feared to go to Concord

on the small margin I had and for a time I drifted about the Square, vaguely hoping that they had passed the night in town and I might find them and be led into the right way. I sat on a bench in the Park adjoining the fine City Hall to think more at my ease. Worcester is a city of colleges and schools and academies and institutions of all kinds of learning, but all of them combined could not teach me the one small bit of knowledge I sought. Had they gone to Boston or to Concord? That was the question, and Hamlet's immortal "To be or not to be" paled into the significance of a silly conundrum by comparison.

As out of a misty unreality I heard voices, and for the first time perceived that on the bench adjoining mine sat five people — two men and three women, one of them younger than the others. She wore a blue dress and carried a camera. Could these be those I sought? The young woman was not as pretty as I imagined Clara was, but she was of correct appearance and bearing, and I knew she would not be sitting on a park bench unless she were a stranger, as I was. Park benches are not fashionable country

seats, so to say. I experienced a slight qualm of disappointment that the girl was not prettier, but on second thought I remembered that beauty of person was not always the most useful of feminine attributes.

I listened a moment to their talk. It was about going to Boston by trolley express. I became visibly interested at once. They were discussing whether to go by trolley or steam. This was not in accordance with the plan of my party and I wondered if anything had happened. There was only one way for me to settle the doubt. I rose to go to them and inquire in person. As I did so one of the older women said to the girl in blue:

"Well, Grace, you telegraph to your husband that we will be at his hotel for dinner. How we shall get there we can decide later."

That settled it for me. I did n't know what Clara looked like, but I did know her name was n't Grace and that she did n't have a husband in Boston.

Northboro
Marlboro
Hudson
Maynard

A car came by for Northboro and on the spur of this latest disappointment I picked up my traps and took it. Through Northboro, Marlboro, Hudson, Maynard and the

The Bridge at Concord

lands between, filled with elm trees and history, I went, careless of all save Concord, which might mean much or little. It was a long ride of fifty-eight miles and I reached the famous old town somewhat weary and with a longing for those I sought. I thought they might have gone to the hotel to lunch, if they had come there at all, but there was nothing satisfying on the register when I scanned its impartial pages. What did it care for me or mine? I closed it with a vindictive snap and went out to scour the town. There was no sign until I came into Sleepy Hollow Cemetery where Emerson,

Concord

Hawthorne, Thoreau, Louisa M. Alcott and others rest peacefully under the ministering trees. I sat down among the graves, feeling that here I should cease my wanderings and lay my burden aside.

Sitting there in pensive contemplation of the final end of man, I became aware of the presence of five people — two men and three women, one of them younger than the others and wearing a blue dress. She was studying an inscription on a tomb and I could not see her face. Instantly I was out of my revery and on my feet. Cemeteries might have their purpose, but it was not mine. I should see who these five were. I approached the girl as near as I dared, the others being engaged at a little distance. They were all visitors as I was, for I saw a Guide Book sticking out of one of the men's pocket. Natives have no use for Guide Books except to sell them. His Guide was like mine. Evidently he was on the same route. I had found my people.

I foregathered for the final advance, a little timidly, perhaps, because frequent defeat had cooled my blood, but as I was moving in her direction, three other persons

Where the Trolley takes to the Woods

joined the five and the party of eight went on ahead of me. A young man, who seemed to have some rights that were bound to be respected, assumed escort of the girl in blue. I followed, but with no definite purpose. I was not looking for a company of eight. They stopped presently to study another inscription and I heard one of the women say to the girl and the man:

"Oh, but you two are the spooniest ever."

"Why should n't we be?" retorted the man pertly. "Bridal couples have that privilege, have n't they?"

"Yes," said another of the older women, "for they get over it soon enough."

Whereupon all of them laughed, from which I inferred they were all married, and I turned sadly away with my curiosity satisfied. But they were not to be avoided so easily, and it was only by effort on my part that our paths did not cross several times. They were having such a good time, in contrast with what I was having, that, almost hating them, I hurried away to get a car and escape.

Whether to go to Boston from Concord was a perplexing problem, which I decided finally by a cast of the die. Heads, Maine; tails, Boston. The fateful penny gleamed in the air a moment and rang upon the hard street. It said Maine, and I departed in the direction of Newburyport which the Guide told me I could reach by evening.

Lowell

The ride through Lowell, the Cotton City where the spindles spin, and Lawrence, the city without a past among all those that are historic — for Lawrence is but little more than a half century old — and thence along the picturesque banks of the Merrimac by Whittier's country interested me, and my

Lawrence

Down the Merrimac, from Lowell, Mass.

camera frequently took my thoughts from the sad vicissitudes of things. Would they ever end? They would have to. The trolley did not go on forever and when that ended I would stop, and stay and stay, till I had succeeded in this quest of the ever elusive star. Byfield W. Newbury

Newburyport was not inspiring. It was a place to eat and sleep and pursue hotel registers. I cared little that I got out of the car near where once lived "Goody Morse," the witch; and what was it to me if here had lived that foolish Timothy Dexter, who sent warming pans to the West Indies, but whose Yankee luck turned his folly into fortune Newburyport

when the natives used the lids for strainers, and the pans for sugar scoops?

If only I could have a bit of Dexter's luck in a venture of love. But love is so different from money.

After I had made the round of hotel regisers in vain, I ate supper and went out to walk and smoke and think — mayhaps, to swear. It was nearly ten o'clock when I came back into the main thoroughfare of the town from my uneventful stroll, and I was thinking, Heaven knows why, of silly young married couples in general and that one at Concord in particular, when I came unexpectedly upon the very two of my thoughts. They were without their friends and only a few steps in advance of me. I followed simply to listen to them and be disgusted with young love in the concrete. I might be an eavesdropper, but I had become so desperate that I was equal to anything. There were not many people on the street, but enough to make my presence unnoticed. I came quite close, but the silly youth was not conducting himself as he had been doing at Concord. On the contrary, he was talking very quietly, very earnestly, very seriously,

A Passing Glimpse of Paradise

and the girl was listening. It was provoking that I could not hear without getting intrusively near, but I could not, and I increased my pace. Still I could not hear, and much annoyed, I determined to pass and be done with them. As I walked by I heard the girl say:

"Yes, I know; I know. But I can't marry you. I don't love you and —"

This was altogether too sacred a subject for a stranger to hear discussed and even my desperation would not permit it. I hurried on feeling very sorry for the poor fellow whoever he was. I understood perfectly

why they were discussing it on the street. He had proposed to her elsewhere on their journey when the opportunity offered and had been refused. He had seized the chance of this evening walk and was arguing for himself as men argue who have lost beyond hope of regaining. I hoped I should never have such an experience, and I wondered who the girl was. I glanced back over my shoulder to see her, but they had turned and were going in the other direction. I followed and saw them enter a hotel.

She might have been Clara, now that I knew she was not a silly young bride, but she could not be, because I had already looked over that same hotel register twice and her name was not there.

The little episode of the street — almost a tragedy I could feel that it was to the man — gave me food for thought the remainder of the evening, and I went to bed knowing there was one man in the world to whose disappointment my own was but a comedy. I was seeking with hope to find a lost one; he had found, and lost beyond hope.

I dreamed that night of two men seeking a pearl on the shore of the sea. The beach

A Yankee Home of Other Days

glimmered in the sun, a white crescent between the green of the land and the green of the water. Presently something shone in the sand and each ran forward, falling upon what he saw and clutching at it eagerly. They arose smiling, their hands half filled with the sand they cared nothing for, and that lay all about them. But they held more. In one gleamed only a bit of shell, and the smile died on that man's face. In the other glistened the pearl and the man laughed joyously as though what were his were joy for all the world and there could be no bitterness.

The next morning as I wandered about the town wishing the wish that wishing had not won, and uncertain whither to turn in my search for the unfindable, I saw the young man of the night before hurrying down a street leading to the railway station. It was the hour for the Boston train and I wondered if all the brains of that intellectual center could devise for him any substitute for what he had lost in Newburyport.

Half an hour later I stopped in a store to buy some films for my camera. Two ladies were there on the same mission. Women did not interest me and I passed by them, heedless. They were leaving and as they went out one said, a little petulantly:

"But I thought you wanted to stay here for the day?"

"I thought I should like to," replied the other, "but there is not much to interest us beyond what we have already seen this morning. Let's go up the shore somewhere. I don't like Newburyport."

"Maybe it is because your true love has departed," laughed the first one.

I looked after them going out of the door. It was the girl of the night before with

A New Hampshire Farmhouse and Grove

one of the women of her party.

"It would have been worse if he had stayed," she said.

The older woman laughed again. She did not know what I knew. The younger was silent, and I should have liked to see her face, but it was not possible. My sympathies were with the young man I had seen going to the train, and I did not care what became of the cause of his going.

At eleven o'clock, having discovered nothing to cheer me, I decided to go on to Portsmouth. Connecticut and Massachusetts had been painfully barren of agreeable results

and possibly New Hampshire might be kind. My weary search was ending, for the trolley line was ending. Beyond Portsmouth, at her very gates, with only the narrow Piscataquis between, was Maine. By two o'clock I should be at Portsmouth; by half-past three at York Beach, on the Maine coast, and there was the end. Looking backward to New York the journey was bitterness long drawn out; the time like years. Between London and New York seemed but a span of an hour; between Newburyport and New York was a stretch of infinity. I paused before a window mirror to see if my hair had grayed. Looking forward, I pulled myself together once more and went to my hotel for what I carried from place to place.

On the way to the car I stopped at the hotel where I had seen the young couple of the night before. I confess to a kindly and commendable curiosity to know the name of the young man. As I glanced hastily over the register, standing at the counter with my bag in my hand, I gasped suddenly and dropped the bag to the floor. The clerk jumped as if the ceiling had fallen and the rest of the house were coming after.

Boar's Head Promontory

"Wh — wh — when, when did these people come here?" I stammered at him with my finger pointing at the helpless page before me. "They were not here last night when I called twice to inquire."

"No, sir," answered the clerk, soothingly "they came in about nine o'clock."

"Where are they now?"

"I don't know. They paid their bill and left two hours ago."

That was about the time I had seen the two women in the store. One of them was Clara. The man in the case was Dean. There was his name on the register. There

Salisbury

were all their names. But how did he ever find them? Why could n't I find them? Fate was unkind to me. But did I want to find her as he had found her? Better never find than only find to lose. I would wait. I became calm.

"Did they say where they were going?" I inquired, quite unruffled, now.

"No, sir. They said they were trolleying and asked me how to get to Hampton Beach."

"Is that in the direction of Maine or Boston?"

He laughed and I frowned. How should I know the geography of a neighborhood so far from New York?

"It 's down Maine way," he said, and with scant thanks I departed in haste.

I ran for the trolley and caught a car just starting northward. I went to Hampton. It seemed to me that all the hotels on earth were strung along that shining shore of hard white sand. They had not registered anywhere. They were not on the beach. They might have been buried in the sea. I asked a fisherman on the rocks of Boar's Head if he would drag for a party of my friends. He looked at me as if I were crazy. I was.

Hampton

An hour at Hampton and I hurried on to Portsmouth. It is a pretty ride by the sea almost near enough for the salt spray to splash the car, with a flat spread of marshy meadows to the trees on the land side. I remember that, and I remember the invigorating smell of the salt, and the cooling wind from the waves that fanned my feverish anxiety to repose.

I asked the conductor if he had seen a party of five persons going towards Portsmouth that morning.

"Girl in a blue dress?" he queried back.

"Yes, yes," I answered so eagerly that he smiled. He was old enough to be my father.

"That ain't five exactly," he laughed in a quizzical, kindly fashion.

I realized the logic of it and laughed with him.

"I guess you understand," I said, leaning, so to speak, on his forbearance and sympathy.

"Yes, I've been through it," he assured me.

But not what I was going through, I am sure. However, he told me he had seen the party in a car going up as he came down, and I knew I should find rest at Portsmouth.

Portsmouth

Already in the distance I could see its shining spires pointing heavenward.

Portsmouth is a charming old town of delightful places and people, and is famous for the perfection of its lobsters.

My good friend, the conductor, suggested that I try a "broiled live" as a bracer, immediately on arrival. I agreed, and in the fullness of my gratitude pressed him to join me. His duties prevented acceptance, but he showed me where to get the best. As I went in at the front door a party of people, whom I did not see, went out of a side door laughing joyously. I hoped after I had lobstered I could laugh as happily.

But it was not to be. While waiting for the feast I went to the cashier to inquire the names and location of hotels to expedite my search when I should begin it. She was pleasant and pretty and I was glad to be in Portsmouth. Incidentally, merely to make talk, I asked her if she had seen a party of five people — two men and three women, the youngest woman in a blue dress. She said that was the party who had gone out as I came in. They were going down to the ferry. I forgot the lobster instantly.

Looking into Maine from Portsmouth, N. H.

"Where's the ferry?" I shouted at her, making a rush and a grab for my traps.

"Well, you need n't scare me to death," she said, almost falling off of her high stool.

"But I want to know where the ferry is?" I insisted.

"Who's going to pay for the lobster you ordered?" she asked cruelly, and I had thought she was pretty and pleasant only a moment before.

I dashed a dollar at her. She smiled.

"Right down this side street," she said. "It runs every half hour and maybe you can catch it."

I flew through the side door and down the side street. The boat was in midstream when I reached the ferry-house. I saw a group of five on the after deck — two men, and three women, the youngest woman in a blue dress. She was taking a photograph of the picturesque old houses which constitute the water-front of Portsmouth. To hire a boat to catch them was not possible, and I slowly went back to my lobster. The cashier gave me half a dollar change and tried to be sympathetic. I scorned her sympathy and returned to the ferry. The boat was waiting. If it had only waited on the previous trip.

The car was ready on the farther shore when I arrived and I took my place for the last lap of this most exasperating race. The sense of absolute hopelessness had departed, but I was so sore over missing the ferry-boat that I wanted to choke the idiotic old conductor who had suggested lobsters to me. Why did n't he tell me about the ferry first? If I knew his number I would report him. He was a lobster himself.

Kittery But one, even in tribulation, must recognize the beauty of the waters and shores

Stranded. Near Kittery, Me.

about Portsmouth and Kittery, and as we trolleyed along the rough and rocky coast, bordered with the silver of the dashing sea against the pine-clad land, I yielded to the gentler influences of nature and found some solace in the scenes around me. We slipped by York Corner, York Village, York Harbor — truly these old Yorks should mean something to a New Yorker — and then came the last three miles that should end my wanderings at York Beach. The car dragged here and I thought the power had weakened. But no one else noticed it and I did not mention the matter to the conductor. I

The Yorks

could wait. I had waited.

At last we stopped and everybody, except myself, got out.

"Is this the end?" I asked the conductor.

"Well," he replied in a grudging tone, "you can go on up to the woods about a quarter of a mile further, if you want to."

I wanted to and I went. I had missed my people too often on narrow margins to allow a quarter of a mile to come between me and a possibility at the finish. The tracks stopped abruptly at the road side. There was not even a stake for a buffer. A lonely house stood in a clearing across the way. I ran over to it and asked if a party of five people, two men and three women, the youngest woman wearing a blue dress, had been seen anywhere around there that day. I was answered in the negative. I told the conductor to leave me. I watched his car depart. I stood at the very end of the track in the wilderness. Three hundred and sixty-five miles to New York and the girl of my search and my soul somewhere on the steel rails spanning the distance. But where? I 'd find her if I had to walk back. I started to walk. At the Beach I felt like

York Beach

Old House, Kittery, Me. Built 1798

a high-ball. I went into a hotel and asked for the bar. The clerk looked at me suspiciously. Could he see what others had seen?

"We have no bar," he said with a great sadness.

"A Summer hotel and no bar?" I exclaimed. "Where do you get your high-balls?"

"Nowhere in Maine," he said, more sadly than before.

Then it dawned upon me that I was in a state where high-balls were unconstitutional, and I felt sick at heart. Could I

stand the strain unsupported? Heaven only knew. I intended to remain at York Beach indefinitely. She would come there some day, — some day, — and when she did, she would find me constant to one girl ever. But I needed help. The clerk winked and I knew the constitution of the state of Maine might be suspended temporarily. I felt better.

Leaving my traps at the hotel where there was no bar, I sallied forth on my search. They were at none of the hotels. For an hour I paced the beach. Nothing answering their description could be found. The sun went down on my wrath. I dined in solitude and smoked away the evening, listless and lonely by the sad and sounding sea. My pain was pathos and poetry.

I slept uneasily and made a round next morning of all the hotel registers. It was a dreary, doleful, disappointing morning. It was something that would have driven a man to drink anywhere else than in Maine. The constitution prevented it here. I was becoming desperate again. During the tiresome afternoon I was down on the beach seeking divertisement with my camera when

I saw a pretty girl in white and blue fluffy things. At the moment, she was alone. Whether she was permanently unattended I could not determine, and waited to see. For half an hour she wandered about snapping pictures, now and then, with a small camera. My interest was unabated, but not obtrusive. She started, after awhile, across the sand towards the point where the trolleys stopped, and I deferentially fell in behind. I had caught her eye once or twice, furtively, but no more than was permissible to any passing stranger. I followed her slowly, but persistently. If I could n't find the girl I was looking for, I did n't intend to lose the one I had found if I could prevent the loss. There was an old plank walk part of the way and here a loose board tripped her, and she fell on the soft sand. Fortunately the twist to her ankle was slight, and when I had helped her to her feet and gathered up her camera and parasol, I found that the only injury sustained had been to her vanity. She thanked me for coming to her rescue, and very graciously permitted me to escort her to the car. There was not much more to be said because we were not fifty feet from

A Maine Blacksmith Shop in the Shade of the Church

the car, and it was ready to go when we reached it. I could only tell her that I sincerely hoped when she came again the loose planks would be more considerate. But would she come again? I wanted to ask her, yet did not dare.

When she had gone, York Beach was drearier than ever, and still I could not desert my post of love and duty. I telegraphed my sister, but her replies were unsatisfactory and "collect." This was also disquieting.

But the new girl might come back again, despite her misadventure. I went over to York Harbor exploring, but she was invisible. That evening I haunted the spot where the trolleys stopped, but no vision of fluff and finicks gladdened my eyes. I slept sweetly that night. I needed rest. I did n't dream of Clara, either.

Next morning I did not call on all the hotel registers. Only the one at my own place. I smoked my cigar and loafed in the shade of the piazza from where I could see the trolley cars come in. Later I walked on the beach, and suddenly, when I least expected it, — the fluffy girl. My face must

have told her something pleasant, for she smiled as she saw me, and I went to her with my hand extended as to an old friend. The Summer time softens the asperities of ordinary social usage.

"I hope," I said, when our good mornings had been spoken, "that your injuries were not severe?"

"Thank you, no," she laughed. "Except to my vanity. You know one never falls very gracefully when she is n't expecting to."

"I really did n't observe whether it was done gracefully or not," I comforted her. "It was, at least, done sincerely."

"Sincerely expresses it exactly," she laughed, "and quite originally. I'm glad you think it was sincere, because, you know" — she hesitated a little — "I was so awfully lonesome wandering around on the beach, and — and you were, that I would have done almost anything to have destroyed the monotony."

Here was a Summer girl flirt of the very type I had read about and seen pictures of ever since that modern fairy had been invented. I had opinions on those matters,

Old Fort and Citadel at Kittery, Me.

but I was not asked to present them. Nor would I. I was in the humor for a flirtation, come how it may. The horrors of the last few days had almost incited a revolution in my nature.

"But you ran away without securing the fruits of your victory," I contended. "Two minutes from the time of your heroic rescue you were on a trolley for York Harbor, and your rescuer was left lamenting."

"You did n't urge me to remain, did you?" she coquetted, deliciously.

"Well, no, I did not," I apologized, "but I thought —"

"So did I," she interrupted. "I thought so much and so fast that I became nervous and had to go back to York Harbor to reassure myself."

"How? What? Why?" I ran in all together.

"No matter," she shook her head and smiled. "I am here again."

"Which means that you are reassured?"

"Yes."

"Of what?

"That I was acting quite properly in speaking to a strange man."

"Ah, indeed?" I said somewhat uppish. "Have you a book on 'Summer Etiquette with Hints on the Social Usage of the Seashore and Mountain Manners'?"

"If not quite that, something quite as authoritative," she replied banteringly.

Then she badgered me for an hour. It was distressing, but delightful. She made me tell her all my woes and wanderings of the week. Laughed at me; laughed at the lost girl; laughed at love and duty, and had me well nigh distracted. But I would not tell her my name, nor the name of the lost girl, nor of the tragedy I had witnessed at

Newburyport. That was too sacred a subject for this frivolous, fluffy creature to desecrate. So eager was she to know of me that she had neither time nor inclination to tell me of herself. Her name, certainly not, and only that she had come with friends to York Harbor two days before and she had slipped away to York Beach because there was a man there whom she did not like.

"Do you like me?" I asked when she told me this.

"Oh, yes," with childlike frankness. "You are comfy and confiding and conventional. I love that kind."

"Then you love me?" I said feeling a faint and far off flutter under my waistcoat, in spite of the reason why I was at York Beach.

"'That *kind*,'" I said," she corrected me.

"Then it is general, not particular?"

"Quite so."

We had been sitting under somebody's tent on the beach. She arose and stepped out into the open.

"What is it?" I asked, following her with reluctance because — well, because.

"I must be going now. They don't know where I am, and I must n't cause them any uneasiness. I am in their charge, you know."

"May I go over on the trolley with you?"

"No," this very positively.

"Why not?" I insisted.

"There are good reasons," she said mysterious in manner. How women do love mystery.

"When shall I see you again?"

"Do you want to see me again?" naively.

"More than anything?" I averred with my hand on my heart. "Why not?"

"More than the lost girl?"

Aha. This was a test question into which I had been trapped. This frivolous fluff had cornered me for her purpose.

She was captivating — exquisitely so — but what was that to me? An ephemeral butterfly tempting me to follow anywhere, everywhere, only to escape at last. I might be ungallant, but I was going to be sensible for once. I set my jaws together firmly. She was watching me closely. I had my wits about me, now.

"You will pardon me," I replied slowly,

A Maine Well by the Trolley Track, Kittery, Me.

for it was not an easy thing to do my duty, "if I say not more than the lost girl."

She did not attempt to conceal her disapproval of my answer.

"You see," I went on, rather lightly, now that the worst was over, "I have seen you twice and I have never seen the lost girl at all. You should allow for a little natural curiosity. Especially after what I have gone through to see her. If I —"

"No," she broke in riotously, "no, I won't make any allowances. You are impolite and unkind. I was coming over this afternoon, but you shan't see me again."

"What time this afternoon?" I asked as though I had not heard what else she was saying. It's the best way, sometimes.

"Three o'clock, but I'm not coming. I don't want to see you, and I'm going home this minute."

Which was quite true, for we had reached the platform while we were talking, and a car was starting. I might have gone over with her, I suppose, as the trolley is a public carrier and I had my rights, but I was not making any concessions. A man must be firm with women upon occasion. I waved my hand to her as the car moved away, but she gave no heed. I had done my duty and this was my reward. I fancy a woman thinks a man's duty is only to herself.

When she had gone, my firmness departed also, and I wondered why I had put the pretty ray of sunshine out of the shadow in which I had wandered for so long. Or, if I had not put it out, as I hoped I had not, why had I disturbed its fascinating influence? I did n't enjoy the shore dinner I turned to in my desertedness, and at three o'clock I was on the platform waiting impatiently for the York Harbor car. Man is, after all, a

weak and wobbly creature. She was not on the car. Possibly she had really meant what she said. They sometimes do. I was a brute to have compelled her to it. I would go to York Harbor and tell her so. As I walked the platform gloomily waiting for the next car, a group on the beach attracted my attention.

There were five persons — two men and three women, the youngest woman in a blue dress with a camera strap across her shoulder. I had been looking for such a combination until it was seared all over my perceptive faculties. Now that I had it where it could not escape me did I want to see it? I must. It was my duty. The fluffy girl might be on the next car. If I waited for her I might lose this opportunity for which I had searched so long, and suffered so much. All my effort should not be in vain. This might not be the fated five. With a torturous twist to my feelings that was downright cruelty, I tore myself from the platform and ran down upon the beach. I could settle the doubt quickly and get back to the car. I drew near the group. I recognized no part of it in person or apparel, as familiar.

The girl wore a blue dress; that was all. Thousands of girls wear blue dresses every Summer. I thought I heard the rumble of the coming car and looked anxiously in the direction of York Harbor. Thank heaven, the track was clear. This time, out of my experience at Mt. Tom, and for other reasons, I decided to approach one of the men of the party. I stepped up to the nearest and called him aside.

"I beg your pardon," I ventured in a tremor of conflicting emotions, "I don't know whether you are Mr. Loring or Mr. Gray, or neither the one nor the other, but I am Ned Wells of New York, Mrs. Winston's brother. Did you ever happen to hear of such an individual?"

He put out both hands in friendly fashion. "Well, by Jove, I should say I had," he actually whooped. "We had a letter from his sister yesterday telling us what he had been doing and calling on us in pity's name to find him. I'm Gray."

"I think I am, too," I murmured, putting one hand to my head and offering him the other.

Before I could explain further he rushed

A Little Maine Cottage

me to the others and told them who I was. Introductions were not necessary. It was a friendly mix-up and we simply fell on each other's necks in the exuberance of our joy. All except the girl in blue. She had dropped out of the group as I approached Mr. Gray.

"Here, Clara," they shouted to her, "here is what we have been looking for."

She came towards us, hesitatingly, her eyes demurely studying the sand, as was meet for a modest maiden.

"And what I have been looking for," I said boldly, advancing to meet her, my hand extended. I heard the low rumble of a

distant trolley car. Perhaps it was bearing the fluffy girl to me. But I did not care. I had found the true object of my heart-breaking search.

She looked up shyly when she took my hand. I tottered on my foundations. She was the fluffy girl. I held on convulsively and incoherent. The others laughed without knowing why. There was no First-Aid-to-the-Injured appliances handy and they had to do something. People always laugh at such times. The girl was equal to the moment. I was utterly inadequate.

"Oh," she explained, also laughing a bit nervously, "I found him yesterday, but was n't sure till I could get another look at the photograph Julia gave to Mrs. Loring. Reassured, I came back this morning and — — and —"

"We had a violent altercation," I recovered sufficiently to put in, "and — and —"

"And I ran away, and —," she interrupted.

"Came back," I broke in triumphantly.

The other women here asserted their prerogatives.

"You did n't tell us you were over here

this morning," Mrs. Loring pouted at her, as though she had been slighted.

"And that's why you insisted on wearing that old blue traveling dress, is n't it?" Mrs. Gray wanted to know.

All of which called for so much additional explanation that I collected my impedimenta at the hotel and went with them to York Harbor.

"To open the constitution with," I said to the clerk, handing him a cork-screw as I departed.

That evening, quite late, I telegraphed some private information to my sister. She replied promptly: "Oh, Ned, I am so glad." The End

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Since the author has taken this trip the route has been extended through to Portland, Maine, thus making one continuous line from New York to Portland. The gap between Cheshire and Milldale has also been filled.

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